

The Pocahontas Times.

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THE WANDERER'S RETURN

BY MOODY P. MOORE.

It was a little cottage among the hills and had about it an air of quietness and peace. Around the house flowers bloomed. The tinkling of a bell came from where a small flock of sheep gazed contentedly; over the hills came the low soft moaning of cows driven homeward by an old lady. She had a kind face with tender blue eyes, yet those eyes showed a lot of sadness—sadness that could only be brought on by years of trouble.

And well might they be called years of trouble, for twelve years ago her husband had been stricken with a fatal disease which carried him to his grave and she was left alone with her only child, a bright boy of eight summers, with light curly hair and gentle laughing eyes. It seemed to her that he was all she had to live for and she obeyed his every wish. Every vain fancy of his was quickly fulfilled. He grew up and at the age of sixteen was a sprightly cheery lad but yet there was about him an air of authority of great deeds to be done to climb the heights of fame. Little did he think of the toil and struggle he must pass through before he could attain them.

His mother looked with loving pride upon her only son and thought of the comfort she would receive from him in her declining years. But alas! one day in the month of October, when the leaves were turning golden and the birds were wending their way southward, he told her he must go out in some of the western states where gold was being found. He was going to get rich, he told her. In vain did she plead with him to stay.

"Don't go out into the world without a friend; you are the only support I have; don't leave me to bear my burden of sorrow alone."

But all entreaties fell on deaf ears; he must go. At the station with a tender kiss she bid him adieu and said when you return you will find me here waiting for you. She watched the train as it passed slowly around the curve and was lost to her sight and with a heavy heart she returned to her home. She heard from him for one year and then his letters ceased. Time and again did she write but no trace could she find of her wandering boy.

This evening as she was slowly wending her way homeward her thoughts went back to the past; she thought of her wandering boy; where was he now? It will soon be four years, she thought to herself, since he left and I have not heard from him for three years; he might be dead; she did not know. She wished now that he might be near, for there was a sharp pain around her heart, a dull throbbing in her head. That evening she did not get any supper but after reading a chapter in the Bible—the book that had been her constant companion through all her years of sadness and trouble. She turned the leaves of that precious book tears fell drop by drop upon the worn and faded leaves. She closed the book and slowly knelt in prayer. As she turned her tear-dimmed eyes towards Heaven she prayed for her darling boy who was drifting out in the world—bring him home—back to live as of old. The prayer ended. She slipped lifeless to the floor, out on the drifting tide of that deep and unknown sea whose waves wash the shores of eternity, drifted the soul of that noble woman and anchored in the harbor of rest.

Her boy who was drifting out in the world dreamed of his boyhood home; he dreamed of the beautiful fields where as a boy he had played—of the babbling, rippling brook of the cool mossy banks where he had oftentimes sat and listened to the soft murmuring of the water as it slowly flowed on; he dreamed of his pale faced mother as he had last seen her as he bid her a tearful goodbye. He awoke as the dawn was breaking o'er the distant hills, and that day he boarded the first train

going east and rushed back to the little cottage among the hills; back to where he had spent his boyhood days. From the train he walked onward towards his home; he thought of the many years his mother had been waiting for his return and a sharp pain of remorse came to him that he had not returned sooner. How lonesome she must have been without him.

As he came in sight of the cottage he saw that it was well kept and knew it was for his return but strange there was no smoke in the chimney. What if he had been too late; what if she were dead? A great fear came to him; why had he not returned sooner.

He rushed forward and opened the door. Mother, he called, but there was no answer to his call; she was gone. Stepping across the threshold he beheld the room which was his when he was a boy. How the memory came surging back to him but where was mother? She was not there. Stepping outside he looked at the beautiful trees where as the morning sun shined upon the tiny dew drops and made them glow in brilliant light like myriads of flashing gems set in the dark green mantle of the trees. His eyes wandered o'er the distant fields. A cloud passed before them for there beside the little log church was a mound of clay. He knew now why his mother was not waiting for him—she who had said when you come back you will find me here waiting for you. She would now wait among the angels; wait for her darling boy who wandered so far and returned so late.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

An interesting episode came in the presentation of a prize not down on the printed program, but no less than the others of regulation form. It was a Robinson prize medal of Washington college, presented to J. Woods Price, of Pocahontas county, W. Va., of the class of 1861. Upon the calling of his name, a grey-haired man amid applause, advanced from a seat upon the platform to receive it. He wore a jacket of Confederate gray and carried a Confederate flag. He was a Confederate veteran who recently returned through Lexington from the Confederate reunion in Georgia, and wore on this occasion the dress worn at Macon. His reception of this prize was greeted with cheers. Dr. Campbell prefaced this presentation with the statement that on July 25, 1861, the board of trustees, the college having been closed before the usual time by the interruption of the Civil War, met in Lexington and entered an order conferring degrees upon students that had merited them and awarded the three medals then conferred by the college. The students to whom they were awarded were John W. Reiley, now dead after a distinguished career as a lawyer and jurist; J. Woods Price, who was present on the platform, and James Samuel Mackey, long an honored teacher of youth in Rockbridge. When the prizes were awarded all the recipients were in the Confederate army. They had never been presented. The board of trustees at its meeting Tuesday, June 11, 1912, had entered an order that at this time the medal be presented to Mr. Price, and that the other two be delivered to the personal representatives of Judge Reiley and Mr. Mackey.—Rockbridge County News.

An interesting feature of the exercises was the award of the Robinson Prize Medal, won in 1861, to Mr. J. Woods Price, of Marlinton, W. Va. When Dr. Campbell made the announcement and as Mr. Price advanced to get the trophy, the audience arose and applauded the soldier-student heartily. Some friends sent him a bouquet of flowers and a Confederate flag.—Lexington Gazette.

Jas. W. Warwick, of Pocahontas county, is visiting his sister, Mrs. J. H. McClintic, at Hot Springs.—Bath Enterprise.

A MOST EXCITING SCENE

One of the most exciting scenes that is possible to imagine would soon be in evidence at Marlinton were an incident like this to occur and become generally known. One of the citizens, a person of high reputation for all that makes for truthfulness and honesty of character, received a book at the hands of an angel, just from the skies on radiant wings and was informed that it was the only copy in the whole world, be the incident referred to. Then too, were that citizen to tell everyone he should meet, that the angel told him: That this same Book dated from times as ancient as the Ancient of Days, and when all that is now called the universe shall be dissolved, this Book will speak on in thunder-tones of majesty, and whisper-tones of light, and music-tones of love. For this book wraps in itself the everlasting future; and like an all-illuminating sun, will still roll on while deathless ages roll, the one unchanging unchangeable Revolution of God. What a wonderful Book! In a few days it would be known all over the world that a wonderful Book is to be seen and read at Marlinton, and language fails to describe what would soon be seen as the report would spread.

How differently nevertheless are the facts as they really are, and Christ himself had such a book prepared and gave it to the world as a gift. Christ has arranged it in his providence, that no Book has been more widely circulated, and yet no book seems to arouse less interest in the minds of good people to say nothing of hundreds and thousands who make "no pretensions." It seems to be something so strange, as to be virtually impossible, that any kind of reading matter should be preferred to anything Christ should have written and recommended to the attention of all who might wish to be saved for time and for eternity.

Our esteemed readers can see and ascertain for themselves, as to how the Bible stands in the way of preference with the reading public.

Let this article be concluded by noticing what it means to "search the Scriptures" or read the Bible as our Saviour would have his Book used. No Book but such as the Bible is, would dare make such a challenge. A book of human origin and authorship is at the mercy of man. Critics can review and leave such books as rubbish, but not thus with the Bible. It comes from Heaven as "God breathed" and as he stands for it. None can make rubbish of such a Book by exhausting it of any or all reasons why it should not be treasured as a gift from Heaven, revealing to ruined humanity its last and only hope.

Ereunias is the Greek word for search and seems to have been a term used by hunters in the chase. "Trace out" "track out," follow the Bible in all usages and windings and scent as it were the word as it were to its remotest meanings as the hare is "tracked" out by the huntsman.

Of the Bereans it is said "They searched." The word translated search, as the Bereans searched is anakrino "divide up," analyzed, sifted, pulverized as in a mortar to the last thought or trace of saving Bible teaching.

W. P.

The marriage of Miss Blanche Sydenstricker, daughter of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. C. Sydenstricker to Mr. Chas. M. Alder took place Wednesday morning at a quarter to ten o'clock in the M. E. Church South. The church was tastefully decorated with flowers and ferns. The wedding marches were played by Mr. Richard Spohn. A very large audience witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by the father of the bride.—Shepherdstown Register.

Mrs. Harper Adkinson, who brought her son, Dale, to the Hinton Hospital to have his tonsils removed, returned to their home at Marlinton, today. He is greatly improved.—Hinton News.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"Cold lies the earth above thee,
Friend of my earlier days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

With feelings of mournful satisfaction I transcribe for the Times words of reminiscence and affection, concerning the life-long friend whose name appears above. Well I know that she would have done the same for me had I been called away first.

Margaret E. Munson Sangster, in her lineage, a combination of the best in English, Scotch and American nationality, was born February 22, 1833, at New Rochelle, N. Y., and departed this life in the early morning hours of June 4, 1912, aged 74 years, at her home in New Jersey. When the sun has arisen beautifully and mounts the zenith, then, effulgent still, descends the western sky and vanishes in the sunset glow, we do not complain for we know there comes another day. And so when a fair human life kind and beneficent goes away from our sight, we should not mourn, for that life is not lost,—it has entered on another day which we call Heaven.

Much that is worthy can be said of Margaret Sangster; first and foremost be the word of her christian character which was the foundation of all her excellencies and good work on earth. Piety is not inherent, but other things being equal, religious parents and a religious home promise well for any child, and such had Margaret Munson and the branch grew like the tree. At the age of thirteen years she made a profession of religion in the Associate Reformed Church, later joining the South 3rd St. Presbyterian church in Brooklyn, N. Y., where myself first joined God's people, and lastly at marriage when she was twenty years old, the Dutch Reformed from which she is now transferred to the Church Triumphant above. We attended school together at the French and English Seminary in Brooklyn, and those were halcyon days to us both.

Of her relatives, Mrs. Sangster outlived all her father's family excepting a half-brother; she leaves to mourn her death, an only son and two grand-children, a step-daughter and orphaned niece and nephew whom she raised as her own children.

I do not propose to review the long laborious and successful career in literature of my beloved friend, extending as it did over half a century. Other papers will do that and already have honored her name in the world of letters. Through our whole country and even beyond "the waters" hers is a household name and cannot be forgotten. I venture to assert that Margaret Sangster has helped in the building up of noble character as much, if not more than any one person in our age. Before actually entering on a public literary career she was known as a promising writer of verse by the cognomen of M. E. M. and was the anonymous author of a sweet little volume of prose. Before that "Margaret" was the acknowledged leader in composition at school; and long before that, at the tender age of four years, as her mother told me, would express her thoughts in pretty poetry, so that we may well say that she was a born poet. Always devoted to books, when entering a house where she felt at ease, her first motion was toward a book and once engrossed therein, farewell to any outward call or attention. I speak of extreme youth in this respect, for she who taught etiquette so sweetly failed not in its practice. One schoolmate playfully remarked, "When Margaret Munson comes, I hide all the books, for we want her company." And, truly, from youth to age, she was a delightful companion. Always of a light and buoyant temperament, keenly alive to humor and much given to laughter, others less given would laugh with her from mere contagion of her mirthful spirits. In age a

calm serenity succeeded and diffused itself around unconsciously lifting some weight of life's burdens in other hearts than her own. Afflictions fell to her lot, and a full share, she accepted as love-chastening from a Father's hand and was sweetened thereby enabling her to instruct and comfort many "under the rod;" this notably in much of her poetical effusions.

Mrs. Sangster was the center and circumference of a happy home and kept house almost to the end. For six weeks ere she "slept" there was a combination of her own and her son's households under one roof at Maplewood, N. J. and here her gentle spirit went upward.

We cannot refrain from noting her enthusiasm and optimistic hopefulness in all things; alive to the best interests of the state, home, school and the church, she thought, toiled and prayed, and God gave some golden harvests in her time. It goes without saying how active was her brain and seemed to glow brighter as the bodily frame weakened. When urged by a friend to spare herself and cease from work she replied—"O, I cannot, it is my life, the atmosphere I breathe." Her brain was her workshop and there she loved to be "weaving," as she worded it, "the tissues" to her hand.

If, as we believe, the Life beyond is rather a continuation than a change and what one loves rightly here and in God's service will be pursued in Heaven with unspokenly added enjoyment and expansion, then she of whom we write is very blest and joyful today, and were it so that the raising of a hand would bring her back to earth, surely we would not raise that hand. 'Tis God's own word saying, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: they rest from their labors and their works do follow them.

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Dear spirit, rest the now;
E'en while with us thy footsteps tread,
His seal was on thy brow."

A. L. P.

FOR STATE SUPERIN-

TENDENT.

The Democrats of Fayette county have, by their resolutions of endorsement, introduced the candidacy of Prof. L. W. Burns for State Superintendent of Public Schools. Prof. Burns is the principal of the State Preparatory School at Montgomery where he is in the highest degree making good, as he has at all other points where he has served. Mr. Burns is a native of Greenbrier county where he is exceedingly popular. He is a graduate of our State University and has dedicated his life to the cause of education. In this work he has engaged with zeal, whole-heartedness and signal ability. He has a wide acquaintance over the State and everywhere has won the confidence of those with whom he has come in touch, irrespective of party.

In all candor he seems to us ideally fitted for the important office of the State Superintendent. Prof. Burns is not in the strict sense a politician, but he is and has always been a Democrat from sincere conviction, and his party record is one of unshaken fidelity. His nomination by the State Convention at Huntington would be wholly creditable to the Democratic party and we are satisfied would add strength to the ticket.—Monroe Watchman.

Dead letter list for week ending June 15.

Caskey, W. R.
James, Hiram
Keller, Cleve
Moiarty, Chas.
Monte, Leone Giuseppe
Nicely, W. M.

Cards

Baveding, Harry Harry, Will Miller, Samuel Rager, P. C. Unless claimed will be sent to dead letter office June 29.

A. S. Overholt, P. M.

GREENBANK.

We are having fine June showers which was badly needed. Grass was burning and nothing growing; corn is very short for the time of year; wheat is fine if the freeze don't injure it; our fruit crop will be good if the fruit don't drop off from the freeze.

The Luton Bridge Co., of York, Pa., started to work Monday on the long needed bridge at the Slavin ford of Deer Creek. We hope the court will give us a bridge in town over the same stream as it a very dangerous ford both winter and summer.

Mrs. W. A. Weeks, of Clarksburg, is here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Warwick.

William Gibson, Republican candidate for assessor, was around shaking hands with the voters and we suppose kissing the babies.

J. W. Oliver has finished assessing in the Greenbank district. Mr. Oliver is a good assessor and we would like him to get the office again as he is not able to do hand labor.

Dr. L. H. Mooman is having some repairing done on his house that will add very much to the looks of it.

R. N. Gum, of Bartow, was in town last Monday.

The oil boring has stopped for a time as they have lost their drill and cannot get it until they get more tools to work with.

Rev. Hironimus and wife are holding a series of meetings at the Arbovale church.

Rev. W. F. Lowance will preach at Greenbank next Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

ONOTO

The health of the people is very good at this time.

We are having some fine rains which was badly needed.

The fruit is falling off to a great extent—supposed to be caused by the recent cold weather.

The road superintendent is having some work done on the roads. The roads are in good condition, considering the lumber hauling.

Preston Duncan has moved from his home here to the home of his father-in-law, Marion White at Laurel Creek.

Anderson Barlow has gone to Baltimore to see his wife who is in a hospital there. There is but little encouragement for her recovery.

Harry Baxter was hauling goods for our merchant, T. M. Hill, Saturday.

Mr. Burner, of near Durbin, was visiting Harry Gum over Sunday.

Marvin Carter, E. F. McLaughlin and Elmer Sharp passed here recently with their cattle, taking them to the Williams River meadows to pasture.

John A. Young's team become frightened a few days ago and ran off. The horses run about a mile and a half before they were caught. They were injured some. As they were running a horse belonging to Cutlip Geiger became frightened and jumped a wire fence and was badly injured.

Miss Flora Gillispie, who has been visiting at J. N. White's for a few days, has returned to her home at Arbovale.

Robert Kincaid, linesman for the Campbell Co., was through this section recently repairing the line.

Some Gypsies were through here last week telling fortunes and trying to trade horses.

Escoe Johnson, of Warwick, was in this part on business a few days ago.

Word comes of the death of John White, brother of James and Marion White, of Laurel Creek, in Washington City, Sunday. His remains will be brought to his old home at Laurel Creek for burial.

Later word comes from Anderson Barlow that his wife is not doing any good and that he will bring her home soon.

Mrs. R. T. Payne, after a three weeks' visit to her daughter, Mrs. W. J. Pritchard, at Frost, W. Va. has returned home.—Bath Enterprise.

FROST

Miss Nelia Buzzard and Mrs. Ashby Sharp were visiting Mrs. J. A. Patterson, at Arbovale one day last week.

Mrs. B. F. Sharp and son Henderson, were visiting in Marlinton Saturday and Sunday.

Tyler & Sharp saw a large pile of wood for Butler Sharp last week. They saw about 20 cords a day.

The stork visited Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Pritchard last Thursday and left a little daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Townsend made a visit to Highland county last week.

Henderson Lockridge was in town Saturday and Sunday. His cancer seems to be entirely cured.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Sharp were in Marlinton last week.

Mrs. Mamie-Jordan is on a visit to her parents at Huntersville. Her little sister, Luceile Carey, who had been visiting her, returned with her.

Sherman Gibson, Wise Herold and Price Moore were in Marlinton last week attending court.

R. C. Noel is back in town finishing his contract of dressing lumber.

Quite a lot of people passed through town Saturday enroute to the opening of the Minnehaha Spring.

TOP ALLEGHANY

We have been having some fine rains lately that will put new life into the growing crops and cause the farmers' faces to shorten to their natural length.

Rev. John Glick, of Bridgewater College, is spending part of his vacation with us. We are glad to have him with us again.

Rev. Henderson preached an interesting sermon at the church Sunday morning.

Charles Woodell made a flying trip to Bartow and Durbin Thursday.

Lee Wilmoth and Kenna Elliott were attending court at Marlinton last week.

The frost done some damage in this section last week.

Good Books for Millions.

New York.—The American Bible society issued its ninety-sixth annual report and announced that an increase of 459,479 volumes was issued over the preceding year. The total number of volumes issued during the year amounted to 3,691,201, and consists of 430,098 Bibles, 670,728 Testaments and 2,590,375 portions of the Bible. More than 94,000,000 volumes have been issued by the society during its existence. This includes many translations.

WHEN TWENTY TO FORTY YEARS

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